THE GIRLS.

Hear the laughter of the girls—
Pretty girls!
What a fund of merriment each ruby lip unfurls!
How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
In the balmy air of night!
While the stars that over-spatter
All the heavens hear their clatter
In a soft and mild delight:
In a sorter-kinder rhyme,
Keeping time, time, time,
To the tintinabulation that, unceasing, ever purls
From the girls, girls, girls,
Girls, girls, girls,
From the wild, capricious, saucy, jaunty girls.

See the flirting of the girls,
Radiant girls!
Through the mazes of the ball,
Up and down the stately hall!
How he skippeth to and fro,
And perspires!
Would that we could tell the idiot all we know
Of the fires
Into which the false one hurls
Each new victim—see the flames, how it swirls!
How it curls!
How it curls!
Better far that they were churls,
Than fall victims to the girls,
To the prattle and the rattle
Of the girls, girls, girls,
Girls, girls, girls—
To the sacking and heart-racking of the girls!

—St. Louis Times.

A Woman's Privilege

By F. A. GROOM.

The rector's daughter was in a hurry. She had been cataloguing the school library books, and time had slipped away quicker than she thought for.

Then, as ill-luck would have it, the squire caught sight of her as she was taking a short-cut through the glebe meadow, and made haste to overtake her. It was certainly not a favorable moment to broach the subject of his feelings and wishes, but he was resolved to take advantage of the very next opportunity that offered, and this was the next opportunity.

Accordingly, without any beating about the bush, he asked her pat out to marry him.

"Certainly not," was her answer. She was hot and tired; and, yes, a little cross.

The squire's face fell.

"You don't care enough for me, I suppose?"

She shrugged her shoulders by way of reply.

"I'm not a bit clever, I know," he pursued, "but I'd do my best to make you happy. And I do love you awfully. I always have, you know, Sophie."

Yes, Sophie did know. And maybe it was because she was so sure of his devotion that she was inclined to rate it lightly.

"I have no wish to marry," she declared.

"I would wait," he cried, eagerly; "I would be willing to wait as long as you wish."

"But I don't wish at all in the matter and Sophie gave her parasol a petulant twirl. The sun poured down fiercely, and she would be late for dinner. It was horribly inconsiderate of Phillip to detain her like this.

"I wouldn't interfere with anything you wanted to do," Phillip assured her. "Do say yes, dear."

But the girl shook her head.

"I can't. It's quite impossible," she rejoined.

"Perhaps if you were to consider a little you would. You might change your mind then."

"I never change my mind," retorted she.

"Then it's no good my saying anything more?"

"No good at all."

"If you do think better of it, though, you'll let me know, won't you?"

"If I do, oh yes. Good-bye," and she nodded and turned away, evidently glad to go.

Phillip stood and watched her as she moved quickly along the path, and through the gate that led into the rectory paddock, and so out of sight. And he sighed dolorously more than once. He was young and rich, and stood over six feet in his socks. But neither youth nor money nor comeliness counted for much just now, seeing the one thing he longed for—viz., Sophie's love—he could not obtain.

"I'm such a duffer where brains comes in," he remarked sadly to himself. "And she knows such a lot about everything. Of course, she despises me," and he stalked slowly and mournfully back to the hall.

There were other women doubtless who would have been pleased to become mistress of his home. But the rector's daughter was the only one whom he should ever ask to reign there, and she declined the honor.

Another sigh, more profound than many of its predecessors, escaped him as he turned in the lodge gates.

Sophie was a very busy person. She prided herself, indeed, upon being always occupied, and on more than one occasion had expressed to the squire her opinion that he took life and his responsibilities far too easily.

During the latter days of summer, however, Sophie seemed not quite herself. She would fall a-thinking, and her fingers would remain idle the while, which behavior certainly was not in accordance with her usual industrious habits.

Then in the autumn she went up to London to spend a week with a friend. And the second morning of her stay came a letter from her sister Celia containing disastrous news.

"Phillip Ardley has been badly hurt," ran the letter, "and they don't know whether he will recover. It was saving Mrs. Pratt's little girl—the pretty curly-haired one—who had got on the railway line at the level crossing. Phillip was shooting in the fields by the railway and saw her, and a train coming, too. He shouted to her, but she didn't hear or understand. So he jumped down onto the line and got hold of her and threw her on the bank. But the train caught him, and his arm is broken, and his leg hurt, and his face and head cut badly. It was awfully plucky of him. But father says though he is quiet he can always be depended on to do things. Won't it be dreadful if he dies?"

* * *

The rector and his younger daughter were sitting at tea that afternoon when Sophie walked in.

"It was so horribly foggy in London, I felt I should be suffocated if I stayed a day longer," she explained in answer to the astonished exclamations of her appearance.

"Tea? Yes, please, Celia, I'll have some before I go upstairs."

"Have you heard the sad news of Phillip?" inquired the rector.

Sophie lifted her hand to draw out her hatpins.

"He's no worse, is he? Celia told me in her letter of the accident."

"No, he's no worse; just the same, poor fellow."

Youth and a good constitution enabled the squire to make a good fight for life—a fight that in the end was successful. He recovered but slowly, however.

* * *

"I have just had a talk with Dr. Newton about Phillip," said the rector one day. "He says his injuries were so severe; of course it will take him long to get well. But further, he seems hardly to care whether he recovers or not. He wants rousing, evidently."

"Is he downstairs yet?" asked Sophie.

"He is to be carried down tomorrow. I daresay his helplessness depresses him."

A couple of days later Sophie donned her outdoor clothes and went out. Her goal was the Hall.

Peter, the old gray-headed butler, looked dubiously at her when she said she wanted to see his master.

"I'm not sure, Miss, whether he'll see anyone," he said hesitatingly.

Sophie was pale, but resolute.

"I think he will see me. I'm sure he will. You needn't announce me. He's in the study, isn't he?" and before the astonished retainer could raise objection, the girl slipped past rim, and with fleet feet traversed the wide hall and opened the study door.

A big sofa was drawn up close to the fire, and on it was Phillip.

He lay back against his pillows with his eyes shut, and as Sophie noiselessly approached she had opportunity of noting what a change illness had wrought in him—such sunken cheeks, such hollow temples, and a big scarlet mark down one side of his face.

She had gained the couch now and spoke.

"I'm glad you are better," she said, and despite her efforts her voice shook a little.

He opened his eyes with a start.

"Sophie, is it really you!" he said.

"Me! Of course it is," she rejoined, and laughed because she was afraid she might cry.

"It is an unexpected pleasure to see you," he said, and now his tone was formal and polite. "Will you not sit down? I am sorry I cannot get a chair."

"I prefer to stand," she said, then suddenly burst out: "I want to take advantage of my woman's privilege."

He looked at her without speaking, and his face twitched.

"It is a woman's privilege you know," she went on, in desperate hurry, "to change her mind."

Still he did not speak, but a faint color crept into his white cheeks.

"Oh! don't you understand?" she cried, with scarlet face. "You asked me to marry you, and I said no then. But now——"

She broke off in a very agony of shame and humiliation. Perhaps he didn't want her now, perhaps he had seen somebody else since whom he liked better. Then he put out his left hand—his right arm was still in splints—and laid hold of hers.

"You say this because you pity me?"

"I do pity you, but that isn't why."

"Why, then?"

Her eyes fell before his.

"Why, then?" he asked again. "I don't want to win my wife through pity."

"Oh! it isn't pity, it isn't pity!" she cried, wildly.

"What is it, then?" he asked, and drew her nearer. And his tone and his action were masterful.

She fell onto her knees by the couch and dropped her head down on his shoulder.

"It is love, Philip," she whispered, low, but not too low for him to hear.
—London S. S. Times.

LURE OF THE LAND.

Englishwomen Who Have "Gone In" for Agriculture.

The lure of the land seems to be strongly felt in England just now. There is a little Berkshire farm of five acres which, though only about half of it is under cultivation, affords a good living for the two girl owners, Miss Jones and Miss Peel, for their French gardener, his wife and family, and for the pupils who are studying their methods of farming. To an American that statement sounds rather incredible, but it is quite true. It shows what intensive farming will do.

A curious sight is this little Berkshire farm. Not an inch of the fields under cultivation is wasted. Some of them are covered with bell-shaped arrangements of glass called cloches, under which the young lettuce and carrots and cauliflowers and so forth are forced. It is all market gardening, and it pays. Where there are not cloches there are glass-covered frames, full of growing vegetables. When there is a cold storm these frames are covered with French mats, and during one of the hardest snow falls last winter the temperature under the frames was kept, by means of the mats, up to 80 degrees. So carefully is the ground under these frames and cloches nourished that it returns three fine crops a year.

It was the success of the French in intensive gardening, that led Miss Jones and Miss Peel to go into vegetable raising on the same principle. French gardeners have been known to sell $1500 worth of produce off an acre in a year, and these English girls argued that if the French could do it they surely could. They had not much capital, but they had enough to enable them to take five acres of land at Thatcham, in Berkshire, and to engage a Frenchman who knew all about gardening on the close cultivation plan. It was only last November that the farm was started, but already there is a brisk market for everything these energetic young women have to sell. What is more, not a few people in the neighborhood of Thatcham are following their example, or planning to, and as to pupil helpers they have more applicants than they can take.

Of course gardening on this principle requires endless patience, industry that never flags and careful attention to every smallest detail. A man cannot be a successful farmer on the close cultivation plan and spend his time holding up the side of the corner grocery in the nearest village or settling the affairs of the nation from the top of a drygoods box. He has got to work. The two girl owners of this little Berkshire farm work. They have even become carpenters, and they make their own vegetable frames. But first and foremost they take care of their soil, which they consider their wealth. That is the French idea—so thoroughly understood in France that in that country it is often agreed upon between landlord and gardener that the outgoing tenant may take his soil, to the depth of about eighteen inches, away with him.

Another interesting agricultural experiment is being tried at Bredon's Norton. This is an attempt to combine intellectualism with agriculture. The experimenter, Miss Woodhull, has already started a horticultural college at Bredon's Norton, and now she is organizing a dairy, an apiary and a club. The members of the last need not take part in the activities of the colony unless they like, but their presence there will bring to the other residents currents of thought and interest that otherwise they might be able to enjoy only in a large town. Some members of the club may visit it only occasionally; others may use it for a meal now and then when passing that way, and others may make it an objective point for a motor expedition. Such members will naturally bring with them new thoughts and new life, and thus one of the main disadvantages of rural life will be obviated. At the same time the club members and visitors will undoubtedly become interested in rural life and rural pursuits.—New York Tribune.

Bohemia.

Bohemia is youth. Youth is everywhere. It is bounded on the north and east by the barren desert of middle age, and on the south and west by the steep and impassable mountains of success. The true Bohemian is drunk on nothing but ambitions and ideals, and though these leave no headache, they frequently leave an emptiness of the stomach. The true Bohemian has an appetite the morning after, but there is often no breakfast.—Sydney Bulletin.

Costly Accessories.

"I don't see why they call this a $20,000 production."

"That's real ice."

"Still ice is not so terribly expensive."

"But consider. That snow is genuine white paper."—Houston Chronicle.

TOBASCO FOR SALESMEN.

By EDWARD W. COX.

A brain that isn't used is like a watch that doesn't run. Every lobe of the brain should be used, like every wheel of a watch, when you sell your man.

The fellow who sells the least goods is the one who worries most about competition.

Control yourself! Remember what Huxley says: "A man so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with equal ease and pleasure all the work that as a mechanism it is capable of, whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic-engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order, ready like a steam engine to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind."

The only man who never made a mistake is the one who never made a success. The horse in a treadmill never gets in a smash-up, but neither does he get anywhere. Every path to preeminence is blazed with errors, as the wagon road across the plains is lined with skeletons of those who failed by the way, and our road is clearer for the passage of the pioneers who learned the best path through experience on the worst ones. A stupid error, a careless error, a repeated error should receive no end of self-condemnation and a hearty amen to the assaults of others.

Courtesy—not mere politeness, but that habit of mind which causes a man to put himself in the other fellow's place and give his ideas and feelings consideration—is an attribute well worthy of cultivation by a young business man.

In this age when the old fashioned deference to our elders is replaced by the encouraged, self-assertion of the young people for whom we live, we are more simple and direct in our thought and speech and manners more clearly show forth the man. It is therefore all the more necessary that the man should have social qualities worthy of exhibition and that he should cultivate a kindness and sincerity of thought that will find fitting expression in a straightforward, frank and manly gearing. Listen to a woman talking of her shopping and you will find that the service given in the different stores is in her eyes of equal importance with the quality and the price of the goods. It is the linen clerk who knows the latest wrinkles in napery who gets her trade. The dry goods clerk who assists her in little economies, sells her all she buys in this line and the jewelry salesman who gave her a private view of a rare piece of jewelry and discussed chains with her when he knew she did not care to buy, will be given the order when she wants to buy a tea set or a clock.

To prove that this is so, think over the stores where you do your trading and analyze the reasons for buying there and you will find you are influenced by much the same motives. And that the personal element cuts a large figure in your purchase.

Enthusiasm of the right kind goes hand in hand with salesmanship, and the kind that will make a salesman investigate in every way possible the merits of the article he is selling, is the best. If you know and are convinced that it is good, then it is much easier for you to convince the other man of the same fact. Do you know that words and figures alone do not sell your goods? Your manner and the impression you make on the buyer have much to do with it. Anyone can sell a man who wants to buy, if he has the price and the goods that man wants. It takes salesmanship and enthusiasm to sell the buyer who has not thought of buying until he is convinced that he ought to.

The point to keep in view is this: The man who can turn the circumstances around him to the very best advantage is the one who will outdistance the others. Once this lesson has been studied and learned the most important step has been made. Perhaps this can be best accomplished where opportunities are fewest, but no matter what the conditions, certain it is that the valuable asset, self-discipline, will inevitably count, without which no fortune can be made.

Opportunities come to each and every one of us and sometimes with great frequency. The successful clerk or business man is the one who at a glance recognizes them as such and without hesitation takes advantage of them. This is practically the definition of the much used term, "luck," and the very ones who complain of "having no luck" are simply those who lack knowledge of their business chances and the energy and ambition to make the most of their opening.

Good openings are constantly before every salesman did he but know it. The ones with eager energy, fixed purpose and unremitting watchfulness are those who will surely advance. In any place a man can show his individuality and his most strenuous exertions for his future interests, and as long as he deals fairly with his neighbor-worker he will forge ahead faster than he knows. The best evidence possible that a clerk can have of his ability to do better somewhere else is to [illegible] cess where he is.

The clerk of today can be, great many are, simply an aut[illegible] or, on the other hand, he m[illegible] live, brainy person, who is ga[illegible] in information at every turn a[illegible] proving his usefulness by absorbi[illegible] every chance to show the material which he is made.

It is clear in the minds of the latter class that if they would be better salesmen at the end of the day than they were in the morning, they must eve[illegible] be studying. With the former man feel that they have been forced behi[illegible] the counter by severe circumstance[illegible] and that they will take it easy until something turns up. The lack of ambition thus shown is deplorable and is a great stumbling block in the path of success. The feeling that he is out of place and that nothing will enable him to advance in his present occupation is success-killing to any man.

The clerk of now is the proprietor of the future, and a lack of self-confidence or healthy ambition, should speedily be attended to. No such example as [illegible] older association who has been in shop for untold years without passing a certain mark should be followed. No such feeling should be tolerated that this fate is just as apt to be yours not, for such contemplation will result in a listlessness which more to bring you to that st[illegible] anything else.

At the outset, get the idea in your head that your name is to some shop door and then keep shop door before you as a goal. If a clerk will do this, he will consequently bend every effort to attain the desired end, and before long the confidence in his ability to accomplish it will bring to pass the looked for result as surely as tomorrow comes.—From the American Jeweler.

ONE MAN'S WORK.

A South Sea Island Transformed by Missionary Activity.

Some people assert, and perhaps believe, that there is no such thing as disinterested benevolence. But the history of the world contains very many proofs of the contrary. There is a case of recent occurrence that ought to settle the matter for all time to come. Fifty-five years ago Hiram Bingham graduated at Yale, being one of the class of 1853, which has made itself felt in the world to an unusual degree. He was born in Honolulu, and his parents were among the missionaries who changed a nation of cannibals into decent Christian people in an incredibly short time. The son was a chip off the old block, and sought a field where he could follow the example of his illustrious father.

Five thousand miles southwest of San Francisco lie the Gilbert islands. This man and his young wife went there in 1857 and settled down to see what could be done for them. The dwellers in Apaing, the island they selected, were 30,000 in number, and were a sullen, cruel and treacherous lot, fond of war and also of eating their prisoners.

Mr. Bingham first reduced their gibberish to a tangible and written form, and then gradually taught them in that language, and by daily example, the ways of civilization and religion. He and his wife wrote various books for their use and instruction, including a complete dictionary, and won their love and confidence. More than this, many of them became teachers and missionaries themselves to their people, and nearly all the inhabitants of that large island became and are completely and radically changed. All their heathenish customs and beliefs are gone, and they are as happy and contented a race as they formerly were wretched and useless. Recently they celebrated the semi-centennial of their reformation, and among other interesting events they prepared and sent to Mr. Bingham a touching and affecting tribute of their apreciation of the man who had rescued them out of a sense of duty alone. His long residence in that unhealthful climate had broken him down, so that he was compelled to return to Honolulu, where he still lives in the happy consciousness of having well served his Master and his fellowmen, but without earthly reward or the expectation of it. Here is an instance of undoubted self-sacrifice anddevotion to duty without hope of reward. Such men deserve recognition and remembrance.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The World's Longest Fence.

After five years' work Australia's great transcontinental rabbit-proof fence has been completed. Its length is 2,036 miles, and the cost of its erection has been nearly $1,250,000. It is furnished at intervals of five miles with systems of traps, in which hundreds of rabbits are captured and destroyed daily. Inside the barrier there appears as yet no trace of their presence.—Detroit News-Tribune.